

## OLD RAGAMUFF.

Oh, he was the funniest bogy man that ever  
lived a young crowd!  
His legs were wibbly-wabbling things.  
His arms went flippety-flop, like wings,  
And he hunched up one shoulder—so!

He wore such a rusty, raggedy coat, it was  
just one jagged fly!  
His tall old hat had a hole and a dent,  
And he looked so queer and twisty and  
bent,  
With a dislocated hip!

He was such a frump of a bogy man, the  
old crows wouldn't scare;  
They scrambled for corn whenever they  
chose;  
They said: "Pshaw, pshaw!" right under  
his nose;  
"Ho, Ragamuff, shoot if you dare!"

And nobody loved the bogy man—he wasn't  
a bit of good;  
The neighbors laughed and chaffed at  
him so.  
The farmer said: "Then down he shall  
go!  
He's better for kindling-wood."

But when they went out to the bogy man,  
what under the sun did they see?  
A dear little birdling had built her nest  
Right there in Ragamuff's poor old  
breast,  
As cozy as cozy could be!

So they let old Bogy stand his ground, to  
guard that little nest;  
And the sun shone bright on the waving  
corn,  
And Ragamuff isn't so very forlorn  
With a song-bird in his breast!  
—Anne Cleveland Cheney, in St. Nicholas.

## The Lost Continent

by CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Before all those ten thousand eyes  
we two made no display of emotion  
then, not only for Atlantis' sake, but  
also because both Nais and I had a  
niece and a pride in our natures. We  
were not as Phorenice to flaunt en-  
dearments before others.

Yet, when I had bidden the guards  
unharp the collar which held the pris-  
oner's neck, and clasped my arms  
round her, showing all the roughness  
of one who has no mind that his captive  
shall escape or even unduly struggle,  
a thrill rushed through me so potent  
that I was like to have fainted, and it  
was only by supreme strain of will  
that I held unbrokenly on with the  
ceremonial. I, who had never em-  
braced a woman with aught but the  
arm of roughness before, now held  
pressed to me one whom I loved with  
an infinite tenderness, and the revela-  
tion of how love can come out and link  
with love was almost my undoing. Yet,  
outwardly, Nais made no sign, but lay  
half-strangled in my arms, as any  
woman does that is being borne away  
by a spoiler.

I trod with her to the uppermost step,  
the vast throne-stone overhanging us,  
and then, so that all of those who were  
gazing from the sides of the pyramids  
and the roofs of the buildings might  
see, though we were beyond Phore-  
nic's view, I used a force that was  
brutal in dragging her across the level  
and putting her down into the hollow.  
And yet the girl resisted me with no  
one effort whatever.

So that the victim might not struggle  
out and be crushed, and so gain an  
easy death when the stone descended,  
there were brazen clamps to fit into  
grooves of the stones above the hollow  
where she lay, and these I fitted in  
place above her, and fastened one by  
one, doing this butcher's work with  
one hand, and still fiercely holding her  
down by the others. Gods! and the  
sweat of agony dripped from me on to  
the thirsty stone as I worked. I could  
not keep that in.

I clamped and locked the last two  
bars in place, and took my brute's  
hand away from her throat.

The hateful finger-marks showed  
as bloodless furrows in the whiteness  
of her skin. For the life of me, yes,  
even for the fate of Atlantis, I could  
not help dropping my glance upon  
her face. But she was stronger than  
I. She gave me no last look. She  
kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on  
the cruel stone above, and so I left  
her, knowing that it was best not to  
tarry longer.

I came out from under the stone  
and gave the sign to the engineers  
who stood by the ramps. The fires  
were taken away from their sides,  
and the metal in them began to con-  
tract, and slowly the vast bulk of  
the throne-stone began to creep  
down towards its bed.

But ah, so slowly! Gods! how my  
soul was torn as I watched and  
waited.

Yet I kept my face impassive, over-  
looking as any officer might a piece  
of work which others were carrying  
out under his direction, and on which  
his credit rested; and I stood grave-  
ly in my place till the ramps had let  
the stone come down on its final rest-  
ing-place, and had been carried away  
by the engineers; and then I went  
round with the master architect with  
his plumb-line and level, while he  
tested this last piece of the building  
and declared it perfect.

It was a useless form, this last,  
seeing that by calculation they knew  
exactly how the stone must rest; but  
the guilds have their forms and cus-  
toms, and on these occasions of high  
ceremonial they are punctiliously  
carried out, because these middle-  
class people wish always to appear  
mysterious and impressive to the  
poor vulgar folk who are their in-  
feriors. But perhaps I am hard  
there on them. A man who is need-  
lessly taken round to plumb and duly  
level the tomb where his love lies  
buried living may perhaps be excused  
by the assessors on high a little spir-  
it of bitterness.

I had gone up the steps to do my  
dutiful work a man full of grief,

though outwardly unmoved. As I  
came down again I had a feeling of  
incompleteness; it seemed as though  
half my inwards had been left be-  
hind with Nais in the hollow of the  
stone, and their place was taken by  
a void which ached wearily; but still  
I carried a passive face, and a mem-  
ory that before all these private mat-  
ters stood the command of the high  
council, which sat before the Ark of  
the Mysteries.

So I went and stood before Phore-  
nic, and said the words which the  
ancient forms prescribed concerning  
the carrying out of her wish.

"Then now," she said, "I will give  
myself to you as wife. We are not  
as others, you and I, Deucalion. There  
is a law and a form set down for  
the marrying of these other peo-  
ple, but that would be useless for our  
purposes. We will have neither priest  
nor scribe to join us and set down  
the union. I am the law here in At-  
lantis, and you soon will be part of  
me. We will not be demeaned by  
profane hands. We will make the  
ceremony for ourselves, and for wit-  
nesses there are sufficient in waiting.  
Afterwards the record shall be cut  
deep in the granite throne you have  
built for me, and the lettering filled  
in with gold, so that it shall endure  
and remain bright for always."

"The empress can do no wrong,"  
I said, formally, and took the hand  
she offered me and helped her to  
rise. We walked out from the scar-  
let awning into the glare of the sun-  
shine, she leaning on me, rushed,  
and so radiantly lovely that the peo-  
ple began to hail her with rapturous  
shouts of "A goddess! our Goddess  
Phorenice!" But for me they had no  
welcoming word. I think the set  
grimness of my face both scared and  
repelled them.

We went up the steps which led to  
the throne, the people still shouting,  
and I sat her in the royal seat be-  
neath the snake's outstretched head,  
and she drew me down to sit beside  
her.

She raised her jeweled hand, and  
a silence fell on that great throng,  
as though the breath had been sud-  
denly cut short for all of them.

Then Phorenice made proclama-  
tion:

"Hear me, O my people, and hear  
me, O high gods from whom I am  
come. I take this man Deucalion to  
be my husband, to share with me the  
prosperity of Atlantis, and join me  
in guarding our great possession. May  
all our enemies perish as she is  
now perishing above whom we sit." And  
then she put her arms around  
my neck and kissed me hotly on the  
mouth.

In turn I also spoke: "Hear me, O  
most high gods, whose servant I am,  
and hear me also, O ye people. I  
take this Empress Phorenice to  
wife, to help with her the prosperity  
of Atlantis, and join with her in  
guarding the welfare of that great



THE FELLOW WHO HAD RUN UP SQUALLED OUT HIS TIDINGS.

possession. May all the enemies of  
this country perish as they have per-  
ished in the past."

And then I too, who had not been  
permitted by the fates to touch the  
lips of my love, bestowed the first  
kiss I had ever given a woman to  
Phorenice, that was now being made  
my wife.

But we were not completely linked  
yet.

"A woman is one, and man is one,"  
she proclaimed, following for the  
first time the old form of words, "but  
in marriage they merge, so that wife  
and husband are no more separate,  
but one conjointly. In token of this  
we will now make the symbolic join-  
ing together, so that all may see and  
remember." She took her dagger,  
and pricking the brawn on my fore-  
arm till the bead of blood appeared,  
set her red lips to it and took it into  
herself.

"Ah," she said, with her eyes  
sparkling, "now you are part of me  
indeed, Deucalion, and I feel you have  
strengthened me already." She pulled  
down the neck of her robe. "Let me  
make you my return."

I pricked the rounded whiteness of  
her shoulder. Gods! when I remem-  
bered who was beneath us as we sat  
on that throne, I could have driven  
the blade through to her heart! And  
then I, too, put down my lips and  
took the drop of her blood that was  
yielded to me.

My tongue was dry, my throat was  
parched, and my face suffused, and  
I thought I should have choked.

But the empress, who was ordinari-  
ly so acute, was misled then. "It  
thrills you?" she cried; "it burns  
within you like living fire? I have  
just felt it. By my face! Deucalion,  
if I had known the pleasure it gives  
to be made a wife, I do not think I  
should have waited this long for you.  
Ah, yes; but with another man I  
should have had no thrill. I might  
have gone through the ceremony  
with another, but it would have left  
me cold. Well, they say this feeling  
comes to a woman but once in her  
time, and I would not change it for  
the glory of all my conquests and the

whirl of all my power." She leaned  
in close to me so that the red curls  
of her hair swept my cheek, and her  
breath came hot against my mouth.  
"Tasted you ever any sweet so de-  
licious as this knowledge that we are  
made one now, Deucalion, past all  
possible dissolving?"

I could not lie to her any more just  
then. The gods know how honestly  
I had striven to play the part com-  
manded me for Atlantis' good, but  
there is a limit to human endurance,  
and mine was reached. I was not all  
anger towards her. I had some pity  
for this passion of hers, which had  
grown of itself certainly, but which  
I had done nothing to check; and the  
indecent frankness with which it was  
displayed was only part of the lively  
of potentates who flaunt what mean-  
er folk would cooly hide. But always  
before my eyes was a picture of the  
girl on whom her jealousy had taken  
such a bitter vengeance, and to in-  
vent spurious lover's talk then was  
a thing my tongue refused to do.

"Words are poor things," I said,  
"and I am a man unused to women,  
and have but a small stock of any  
phrases except the drier. Remember,  
Phorenice, a week ago I did not  
know what love was, and now  
that I have learned the lesson, some-  
what of the suddenness, the language  
remains still to come to me. My in-  
wards speak; indeed they are full of  
speech; but I cannot translate into  
bald cold words what they say."

And here surely the high gods  
took pity on my tied tongue and my  
misery, and made an opportunity for  
bringing the ceremony to an end. A  
man ran into the square shouting,  
and showing a wound that dripped,  
and presently all that vast crowd  
which stood on the pavements and the  
sides of the pyramids and the  
roofs of the temples took up the cry  
and began to feel for their weapons.

"The rebels are in!" "They have  
burrowed a path into the city!"  
"They have killed the cave-tigers and  
taken a gate!" "They are putting  
the whole place to the storm!"  
"They will presently leave no poor  
soul of us here alive!"

There then was a termination of  
our marriage cooings. With rebels  
merely biting at the walls, it was fine  
to put strong trust in the defenses,  
and easy to affect contempt for the  
besiegers' powers, and to keep the  
business of pageants and state craft  
and marriages turning on easy  
wheels. But with rebel soldiers al-  
ready inside the city (and hordes of  
others doubtless pressing on their  
heels), the affair took a different  
light. It was no moment for further  
delay, and Phorenice was the first to  
admit it. The glow that had been in  
her eyes changed to the glare of the  
fighter as the fellow who had run  
up squalled out his tidings.

I stood and stretched my chest. I  
seemed in need of air. "Here," I said,  
"is work that I can understand more  
clearly. I will go and sweep this  
rabble back to their burrows, Phore-  
nic."

"But not alone, sir. I come too. It  
is my city still. Nay, sir, we are too  
newly wed to be parted yet."

"Have your will," I said, and to-  
gether we went down the steps of  
the throne to the pavement below.  
Under my breath I said a farewell  
to Nais.

Our armor-bearers met us with  
weapons, and we stepped into litters,  
and the slaves took us off hot foot.  
The wounded man who had first  
brought the news had fallen in a  
faint, and no more tidings was to  
be got from him; but the growing  
din of the fight gave us the general  
direction, and presently we began to  
meet knots of people who dwelt near  
the place of irruption running away  
in wild panic, loaded down with their  
household goods.

It was useless to stop these, as  
fight they could not; and if they had  
stayed they would merely have been  
slaughtered like flies, and would in  
all likelihood have impeded our own  
soldiers. And so we let them run  
screaming on their blind way, but  
forced the litters through them with  
but very little regard for their  
coward convenience.

Now the advantage of the rebels,  
when it came to be looked upon by  
a soldier's eye, was a thing of little  
importance. They had driven  
a tunnel from behind a covering  
mound, beneath the walls, and had  
opened it cleverly enough through  
the floor of a middle-class house.  
They had come through into this  
shelter, and doubtless hoping that  
the marriage of the empress (of  
which spies had given them informa-  
tion) would sap the watchfulness of  
the city guards. But it seems they  
were discovered and attacked before  
they were thoroughly ready to  
emerge, and, as a fine body of troops  
were barracked near the spot, their  
extermination would have been mere-  
ly a matter of time, even if we had  
not come up.

It did not take a trained eye long  
to decide on this, and Phorenice,  
with a laugh, lay back on the cush-  
ions of the litter, and returned her  
weapons to the armor-bearer who  
came panting up to receive them.  
"We grow nervous with our married  
life, my Deucalion," she said. "We  
are fearful lest this new-found hap-  
piness be taken from us too sud-  
denly."

But I was not to be robbed of my  
breathing-space in this wise. "Let  
me crave a wedding gift of you," I  
said.

"It is yours before you name it."  
"Then give me troops, and set me  
wide a city gate a mile away from  
here."

"You can gather 500 as you go  
from here to the gate, taking 200 of  
those that are here. If you want  
more, they must be fetched from  
other barracks along the walls. But  
where is your plan?"

"Why, my poor strategy teaches  
me this: these foolish rebels have set  
all their hopes on this mine, and all  
their excitement on its present suc-  
cess. If they are kept occupied here  
by a Phorenice, who will give them  
some dainty fighting without check-  
ing them unduly, they will press on  
to the attack and forget all else, and  
never so much as dream of a sortie.  
And meanwhile a Deucalion with his  
troop will march out of the city well  
away from here, without tuck of  
drum or blare of trumpet, and fall  
most unpleasantly upon their rear.  
After which a Phorenice will burn  
the house here at the mine's head,  
which is of wood, and straw-thatch-  
ed, to discourage further  
egress, and either go to the walls to  
watch the fight from there, or sally  
out also and spur on the rout as her  
fancy dictates?"

"Your scheme is so pretty, I would  
I could rob you of it for my own  
credit's sake; and as it is I must kiss  
you for your cleverness. But you  
got my word first, you naughty fel-  
low, and you shall have the men and  
do as you ask. Eh, sir, this is a sad  
beginning of our wedded life if you  
begin to rob your little wife of all  
the sweets of conquest from the out-  
set."

She took back the weapons and  
target she had given to the armor-  
bearer, and stepped over the side of  
the litter to the ground. "But at  
least," she said, "if you are going to  
fight, you shall have troops that will  
do credit to my drill," and thereupon  
proceeded to tell off the companies  
of men-at-arms who were to accom-  
pany me. She left herself few enough  
to stem the influx of rebels who  
poured ceaselessly in through the  
tunnel; but, as I had seen, with  
Phorenice heavy odds added only to  
her enjoyment.

But for the empress, I will own at  
the time to have given little enough  
of thought. My own proper griefs  
were raw within me, and I thirsted  
for that forgetfulness of all else  
which battle gives, so that for awhile  
I might have a rest from their gnaw-  
ings.

It made my blood run freer to  
hear once more the tramp of prac-  
ticed troops behind me, and when all  
had been collected we marched out  
through a gate of the city, and  
presently were charging through and  
through the straggling rear of the  
enemy. By the gods! for the mo-  
ment even Nais was blotted from my  
wearied mind. Never had I loved  
more to let my fierceness run madly  
riot. Never have I gloated more  
abundantly over the terrible joy of  
battle.

Nais must forgive my weakness in  
seeking to forget her even for a  
breathing-space. Had that oppor-  
tunity been denied me, I believe the  
agony of remembering would have  
snapped my brain-strings for always.

(To Be Continued.)

## THE DOCTOR GOT EVEN.

How a Famous French Physician Squared Matters with a Well-Known Artist.

In London art circles a story is being  
told about a famous French painter  
and an equally famous French phys-  
ician.

The painter is a great lover of dogs,  
and the other day his favorite St. Ber-  
nard became sick and speedily grew so  
weak that his master, determined to  
save his life at any cost, sent for the  
famous physician, feeling confident  
that he could cure him. When the  
physician arrived and learned what  
was wanted of him he seemed at first  
literally petrified at the thought that  
anyone could have the audacity to ask  
him to prescribe for a dog, but he  
quickly recovered his composure and  
examined the animal as carefully as  
though he were a human patient.

Then he prescribed medicine, and,  
taking his hat, was about to go away,  
when the painter approached and po-  
litely asked him what his fee was.

The physician replied, blandly, that  
he did not care to charge anything for  
such a trifling service, but, as the paint-  
er insisted, he said, quietly: "Well,  
if you are determined to remunerate  
me, I will tell you how you can very  
easily do me a favor. I have just placed  
some new railing around my new coun-  
try villa, and I would be exceedingly  
obliged to you if you would paint it  
for me."

## Would Cause Him Much Trouble.

"I had an old barn in a field half  
a mile from the house," said a Nas-  
sau farmer the other day, "and it  
was a camping place for tramps. One  
night this last summer there was a  
big thunderstorm, and I felt pretty  
sure that a bolt hit the old barn. I  
didn't turn out till morning, however,  
and then I saw the barn had been  
burned. As I wandered down there  
I came across a tramp in a fence cor-  
ner. He was looking dazed and drowsy,  
and when I asked him what had  
happened he slowly explained:  
"Why, this thing is going to make  
me lots of trouble."  
"What thing?" I asked.  
"This old barn. There were nine  
of us in there when the lightning  
struck, and I was the only one who  
got out. I suppose I'll have to hang  
around here and attend the funerals  
of the other eight."—Brooklyn Cit-  
izen.

## The Man Who Worries.

Worrying indicates a lack of confi-  
dence in our strength; it shows that  
we are unbalanced, that we do not  
lay hold of the universal energy  
which leaves no doubt, no uncertain-  
ty. The man who does not worry,  
who believes in himself, touches the  
wires of infinite power. Never doubt-  
ing, never hesitating, he is constan-  
ly reinforced from the Omnipotence.  
—Success.

## THE BRITISH IN A TRAP.

Deadly Fire Poured Into a Com-pany of Mounted Infantry.

The British Were All Fresh From Home and Unused to the Boer Tactics—Maj. Dowell Was Among the Killed.

Pretoria, Feb. 17.—One hundred and  
fifty mounted infantrymen, while pat-  
rolling the Klip river, south of Johan-  
nesburg, February 12, surrounded a  
farm house where they suspected  
Boers were in hiding. A single Boer  
broke away from the house and the  
British started to pursue him. The  
Boer climbed a kopje, the British fol-  
lowing. Immediately a heavy fire was  
opened upon them from three sides.  
The British found themselves in a  
trap and in a position where they were  
unable to make any defense. Eight of  
the British officers made a gallant ef-  
fort and defended the ridge with car-  
bines and revolvers until they were  
overpowered. The British had two  
officers and ten men killed and sev-  
eral officers and 40 men wounded be-  
fore the force was able to fall back  
under cover of the block house.

London, Feb. 17.—According to spe-  
cial dispatches from Pretoria the  
mounted infantrymen who were trap-  
ped at Klip river were all fresh from  
home and unused to Boer tactics. The  
bulk of the casualties occurred during  
the retreat of the British. The killed  
included Maj. Dowell, the commander  
of the force.

Lord Kitchener, in addition to re-  
porting the Klip river affair, says: "A  
party from the South African constab-  
ulary line on the Waterval river en-  
countered, February 10, a superior  
force of the enemy near Vantonders-  
bek and was driven back with loss."

Durban, Feb. 17.—Mrs. DeWet, in an  
interview held at the Maritzburg con-  
centration camp, said that two of her  
sons were still fighting with their fa-  
ther. She regretted that the govern-  
ment had not permitted her to com-  
municate with her husband, and said  
she was certain he would never sur-  
render. Mrs. DeWet declared she  
would rather see her husband die than  
submit.

## IN BATANGAS PROVINCE.

Gen. Bell Has Practically Cleaned Up the Insurrection There.

Manila, Feb. 17.—Gen. J. Franklin  
Bell has practically cleaned up the in-  
surrection in Batangas province, the  
troops under his command having  
made a clean sweep of the district. It  
is not believed that all the insurgent  
arms have been captured or surren-  
dered, but that a number of them have  
been taken by the insurgents to other  
provinces or safely hidden. The in-  
crease of robber bands in the pro-  
vinces of Tayabas and Cavite show  
the effects of the drastic measures  
in Batangas and Laguna provinces.  
Gen. Bell says the people of these lat-  
ter provinces never realized the ter-  
rors of war until they personally ex-  
perienced its hardships, owing to the  
closing of the ports and the concentra-  
tion of the natives in the towns.

Gen. Bell believes that the insurgent  
leader Malvar is becoming exceedingly  
unpopular with the Filipinos, and that  
when the natives cease to fear his ven-  
geance, many will be found willing to  
betray him.

What has been said of Batangas pro-  
vince applies almost equally to La-  
guna.

## FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Three Thousand Horses Purchased For Use in the British Army.

Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 17.—Three  
thousand western horses, known as  
Cayuses, gathered from the ranges of  
the inter-mountain states, are to be  
shipped to South Africa for use in the  
British army. The animals were pur-  
chased by agents of the British army  
who had been scouring the country  
for weeks and have been concentrated  
in corrals in this city and Grand Junc-  
tion, Col.

## THE ANTARTIC EXPLORER.

Chas. E. Borchgrevink Reached Within About 800 Miles of the South Pole.

New York, Feb. 17.—Chas. E. Borch-  
grevink, the antarctic explorer, arrived  
in New York Sunday on the steamship  
Etruria. Sunday night he told in an  
interview of how in 1899 he and a party  
of scientists had reached the 78th  
degree, 50 minutes south latitude,  
about 800 miles from the south pole,  
and the most extreme southern point  
that any man has ever reached.

## Business Portion Partially Burned.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 17.—About  
two-thirds of the business portion of  
Woodbury, Cannon county, burned  
Sunday night, the loss being estimated  
from \$50,000 to \$75,000. The fire forced  
the long distance telephone operators  
to move out and the details are meag-  
er.

## Death of Cornelius Roosevelt.

New York, Feb. 17.—Cornelius  
Roosevelt, the only surviving son of  
the late S. Weir Roosevelt, and a coun-  
selor to President Roosevelt, is dead of  
heart disease in this city. Mr. Roose-  
velt was born in this city 51 years  
ago.

## Memorial Services Held.

Boston, Feb. 17.—The first annual  
memorial service here for those who  
lost their lives on the battleship Maine  
in Havana harbor was held in Faneuil  
hall Sunday under the direction of  
the League of Spanish war veterans.

## THE PACIFIC CABLE.

The House Committee Advises Its Construction.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The report  
filed Monday by the house committee  
on inter-state and foreign commerce  
recommending the passage of the bill  
introduced by Representative Corli  
providing for government own-  
ership of a Pacific cable says that the  
States, by the annexation of  
and the acquisition of the Pa-  
cific ocean, responsibility of main-  
taining the Pacific ocean. The  
report says, was  
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by the state.

Gen. Greely, chief of the sta-  
ice of the war department, who has  
charge of the telegraphic lines owned  
by the government and who has given  
the subject careful consideration and  
constructed several hundred miles of  
cable under the control of the war de-  
partment, the report says, estimates  
the entire cost of a Pacific cable, in-  
cluding ships and all possible contin-  
gencies, at \$10,000,000, and places the  
annual expense at \$525,000. His judg-  
ment is confirmed by the opinion of Rr.  
Adm. R. B. Bradford, chief of the bu-  
reau of equipment of the navy.

## A MINIATURE MINT.

A Ten-Year-Old Boy Arrested Charged With Counterfeiting.

Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 17.—On a  
charge of counterfeiting the police  
have arrested Ernest Matthews, a 10-  
year-old boy. He and ten companions  
are alleged to have received instruc-  
tions from an old man and established  
a miniature mint near the North Bir-  
mingham iron furnace where they man-  
ufactured spurious silver quarters from  
crude molds. Several of the coins were  
successfully passed on merchants of  
the city. Secret service men are work-  
ing on the case and more arrests are  
expected. The coins are made of lead  
and pewter.

Woman's Face Burned.

Rome, Ga., Feb. 17.—Estelle Sw-  
the young white woman found  
burning cabin near Rome, is  
hospital here with injuries whi  
thought will prove fatal.  
Barnes, who claims to be the  
of the woman, is in jail char-  
attempting to murder her a  
ward burn her body. He  
woman's clothing caught from  
the grate. Miss Swann declar-  
is not her husband.

## Wife Murder and Suicide.

Helena, Mont., Feb. 17.—H-  
Cole, a prominent citizen, co-  
with the American Smelting &  
fining Co., shot his wife and co-  
ted suicide Sunday night. Mrs. Co-  
is a young and handsome woman. The  
theory is that the husband found some  
correspondence belonging to his wife,  
that there was a quarrel and then the  
tragedy.

## Can Obviate Pain.

New York, Feb. 17.—Announcement  
has been made by Dr. C. C. Carroll  
that he has found a way to short cir-  
cuit the nerves by means of electric-  
ity so that operations will be pain-  
less. His theory will be explained in  
detail next month at a meeting of the  
Medico Legal society.

Thousands Killed By the Earthquake.

Berlin, Feb. 17.—It is reported here  
from Baku, Transcaucasia, that thou-  
sands of persons were killed by the  
earthquake in the Shamaka district  
and that the towns and villages for 20  
versts around Shamaka suffered se-  
verely.

No Revolution at La Guaira.

Willemsd, Island of Curacao, Feb. 17.—The German cruisers Veneta and Falke and the Dutch cruiser